

# Reminiscence

.... Or Memories of 1915

*Music by* E. S. S. HUNTINGTON

*Words by*

MRS. FRANK REIBER

AND

E. S. S. HUNTINGTON

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# REMINISCENCE.

— Or Memories of 1915 —

Words by  
Mrs. Frank Reiber and  
E. S. S. Huntington.

Music by  
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*Marziale*  
*f*

1. Oh, Can - a - da, our land so bright and fair,  
Gone are our sons, there's an - guish in our prayr, To the fight, to the fight, they are  
kill - ing wo - men fair, And the call comes to us then, "To Arms!" And we

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 2/4 time, marked 'Marziale' and 'f'. The introduction consists of a series of chords and eighth-note patterns in the right hand, and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the first system with the lyrics 'Oh, Can - a - da, our land so bright and fair,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The second system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Gone are our sons, there's an - guish in our prayr, To the fight, to the fight, they are'. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand, with eighth-note runs and chords. The third system concludes the vocal phrase with the lyrics 'kill - ing wo - men fair, And the call comes to us then, "To Arms!" And we'. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation for the vocal line.

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go to a-venge childrens wrongs, Tho' the call comes from a - far

**Chorus** *Mod<sup>to</sup>*

God! hear our hum-'ble pray'r, God save our wo - men fair,

and babes in arms

*p* For they're hun-gry and thirst-y and

pin - ing For the loved ones they'll ne - ver see more - Oh



God! Save them and save and bless for-ev - er They whose guns drive the Huns from the

door.

2. Once on a time our land was bright and fair, Gardens of flowers were

blooming ev'ry-where, But they came, Oh, they came, And our land is drenched in blood - We are

crip - pled blind and lame. We are fac-ing the foe in the , trenches We must

Chorus *Mod<sup>to</sup>*

beat them tho' slow be our gains God! hear our humble pray'r.

God save our wo-men fair, and babes in arms.

For they're

hungry and thirsty and pining, For their loved ones they'll nev-er see more, Oh

God! save them and save and bless for-ev-er they whose guns drive the Huns from the door.



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